

Matthew's Story

Opening

It was years ago, but I still remember it to this day.

At the time, I was living in a small, cramped apartment owned by my mother's boyfriend, who was a chain smoker and an alcoholic. You could smell it all the time. No break, no rest from the pungent smell- we couldn't even open a window.

My mother just sat around the house and yelled at me. She had a job at a nearby McDonalds, but she lost that after she came to work drunk and almost threw the frying pan at someone. We got evicted from our apartment because my mother didn't have the money to pay the bills. She was very edgy, and it was only a matter of time before she cracked. She was overweight and had no way to pay any medical bills if something happened to her or me.

It all started when my mom got married to her boyfriend. I was very upset, because I didn't like my "new daddy."

You could hear me wailing, "I don't like my new daddy, he's not our real daddy!" (Our real father was seeing another woman, and allowed my mother to take full custody of me. He kept my 2-year-old brother.).

My mom was starting to tear up, but finally, that day, after being pushed so far, she cracked. She yelled, "GET OUT!!!" at me, and I started to sob very loudly. I ran to get my teddy bear to hug. My mother dragged me by my hair to her car, and began to drive to the middle of the city. She pushed me out of the car, and pushed me down onto the pavement. Then, she got into her car and drove off. She made no sign that she was going to come back.

I was left in the streets of New York, in the middle of the winter, with nothing but my teddy bear. I was terrified.

THE FIRST DAY

I was standing in the middle of New York holding only my teddy bear. All I had was that, the clothes on my back, and what I could make of my attitude.

I began walking around the streets, trying to figure things out. I saw many things that day, not all happy and nice. I saw Central Park, and had vague memories of how I had been taken there by my mother before she became an alcoholic. I walked into the park and began to cry softly under a tree.

I then saw a stray cat, with no collar. It looked like she was only a month old. She was a long-haired orange mutt that had obviously been wild for several generations. Her ears pricked up when I called out to her, "Here, kitty kitty, kitty," and she trotted over to me. She was a cute little cat, and obviously was expecting some food. I didn't have any, but I picked up the cat and cuddled with her.

From the moment I saw her until I let her go with cat hair all over my face, I completely forgot how I felt. When I finally let her down, she trotted off, and I remembered everything. Tears began to burn in my eyes, and I went back to the tree.

After several hours of crying, I saw that it was getting dark, and that I should probably stop crying and find somewhere to stay. I also noticed a rumbling in my stomach, and a longing to eat something, even if it were another can of Spam.

I first decided to find a place to sleep in. I eventually found a hollow in a tall, ancient oak tree to stay in. It was a tight squeeze, but it was better than sleeping out in the cold. I next looked for something to help keep the cold out, but I didn't find anything.

After I had finally finished that, I began to look for somewhere to eat. I began to cross one of the streets, but then I saw a huge SUV honking at me, and I began to run out to the other side. I made it, but the person in the car that almost ran me over gave me the finger and yelled at me. A few seconds later, I saw police cars, sirens on full blast, chasing after him. I was barely able to get my legs to move after that.

A few minutes of wandering later, I found a dollar lying on the ground and picked it up. I stared at it like someone dying of thirst in a desert and ran off to go spend it.

I walked in to a supermarket to see what I could buy and came back happily clutching a kiwi. I had never seen one before, and was anxious to try one. I was left with about thirty cents in my pocket.

I began eating the kiwi on my way back. It was dusk, so I began to hurry along. I saw a man walking up to another man and take out a switchblade. Years later, I realized that this man was getting mugged. I quickly behind a trash can and watched with growing horror. The man with the switchblade, dressed in all black, yelled, "Gimme your money or else!" I shirked deeper into the bins. The second, middle-aged man, wearing jeans and an orange jacket, was pinned against a wall and was having his wallet searched through. I then saw someone else run into the alleyway at the man with the switchblade, yelling, "What the hell do you think you're doing!" The man with the switchblade panicked, dropped the knife, and ran off. I saw that the man in the orange jacket had a few cuts and bruises on his face.

The second man, a young adult, helped the older man up and out of the alleyway. Scared for my own life, I ran back to Forest Park.

I ran until I got to the oak hollow, dived in, and cowered. I cried myself to sleep as I thought about it. The scene kept replaying over and over in my mind, and even in my dreams that night, I saw the scene, but with one difference: The man with the switchblade killed the older man.

The second day was a bit easier to bear. I noticed that in my state of being so upset, I forgot to finish my kiwi. As I munched on it, I thought that though it was covered in dirt, it was much better than canned cherries. After that, I decided to explore a little more. To

cheer myself up, I decided to do this because ever since I was a little kid, I loved to look around.

I took my little teddy bear with me and strode around this new, strange place. I found out that I was actually on an island when I asked around. I also got a few invites from strange-looking people to eat candy in their car. I refused to do it and ran off.

Eventually, I came to a humongous bridge. However, it was beginning to get dark and I was hungry, so I went back to the supermarket to see what I could buy. I could only buy candy, but when I walked around the store and asked people if they could help me buy something, a few couldn't resist. Together, they gave me just enough money to buy a box of cereal. I was very happy that day, and left the store with a large smile on my face.

I tried to find my way back to Forest park, but to no avail. I found my way back to the bridge and decided to cross it and see if maybe there, i could stay.

As I was crossing, I dropped my teddy bear on the street and it got run over. I began to sob loudly as I picked it up, because I knew it would never be the same again. One of its button eyes fell out, and I kept it in my pocket. I still have that button to this very day.

I began to walk around the town on the other side of the bridge, tears blurring my vision. It was already very dark, so I decided to look for a hotel to stay in, because when I was 2 years old, I had stayed in a hotel one night. So I looked for a hotel and found out that I had to pay to stay in a hotel (a harsh reality of life for me at the time.) However, the person at the desk pitied me and let me sleep in a sofa for the night.

I woke up that morning, and smiled at my teddy bear for a second. Then, I realized it had no eyes and I began to cry again. Then, I noticed a very fat man dressed in blue standing over me. I heard a conversation between the fat man and the person at the desk.

"Are you sure this is the boy?"

"Positive."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Take him to an orphanage."

"Okay."

That day, they took me to a nearby orphanage, Saint Anne's, and I was very happy there until I was adopted by a very caring couple at the age of six. They raised me and encouraged me to do whatever I wanted with my life. I am now living in a large house on Cochrane Avenue in New York with two kids. And I still have the little button that used to be one of the eyes of my teddy bear, serving as a reminder to my troubled childhood.

Comments- TYPE NORMALLY- NO INSERTING ACTUAL COMMENTS

How am I supposed to find my daughter if I have had no contact with her,

and her mother for so long? And why does the mom kick her out? the emotions, and how did the step father feel about it??

Wait, what? You're supposed to be this girl's mother???

No I'm the Father, and i have no idea how this will work.

Seriously, Matthew you are making this really hard for me!!!! So, Emma, you have, like, a 2-year-old son. Drake and I argued about this for a little while before agreeing on this, but we did agree... Sorry.

Hey great continuation matthew but think about having it reflect more of my story- some key points to make sure you have is that she is not pushed out of the car in central park in manhattan but in queens or long island - drake Problem: I've already written half my story around Central park...

SOLUTION!!!!: change the line to a park in queens and make it unfamiliar to Sela making the story more dramatic by leaving a child in a more unfamiliar place and the story will be heart wrenching

Not really... look at my story now. I

Seona is not broke, shes really rich but throws her money away in alcohol and drugs, we havent found out about the drugs yet, Sela doesnt know that, does sela die or is she going to be saved and this end in a hospital room with an open ending. i think those are the best and most powerful.

-drake

It won't let me delete it because you are still working on it. Skype: Matthewalm I have no AIM.

YES

YOU RESPONDED

O THE LORD HEARD MY PRAYERS Use chat. My mike doesn't work. No problem responding, Drake. LOG ON...

I can't decide whether the windows are jammed or the mother might fall out the window

when she's drunk.If she is so fat then she can't fit in the window!! lol Nice. Heating bills?

This is the middle of the winter.

Some Irish name. Any ideas? Sela Schwartz?-

Oillín ULL een

Carrigan

CAR I gan

Kerrigan, Carigan

Drake's Story

Opening

"Are you sure?" I said.

"This is not possible, this can't be happening."

"Regretfully I must inform you that, your niece Sela is missing and your sister is gone," said

Police Chief

"And her Range Rover is nowhere to be found."

"I'm going to find her and my sister."

My name is George Bennis and this is the story of the disappearance of my niece Sela Schwartz. Sela was always a happy little girl and very loving. Her mother however couldn't manage with two kids. She divorced her husband but, lost custody of her son and was on the verge of losing custody of her daughter. Sela's mother Seona used to be a very successful artist who was also a musician. She stopped her career when her daughter was born. Seona was a good mother until she had her second child and got a divorce 2-months after his birth. From their her life went down the toilet. Seona alienated herself from her family and took up a habit drinking. She turned evil when she was drunk not caring for her kids and using her alimony and child support checks to fund her endeavors. Her finances along with her mental health went wild. Sometimes she would go out on a drinking binge and comeback with tickets to California. Seona bought things on the spot and would fill up

her car with beer. Her kids managed through nannies until she fired them. When we tried to step in to help her she moved. In time she began to find boyfriends who would assist her drinking habits. Eventually her husband took her to court and got the 2 year old back and next week was the custody hearing for Sela. Three day before the custody hearing is when Sela went missing. It is amazing how just before something good is going to happen something bad happens.

The day was October 26th, 2009. Colder than the North Pole, drier than the Sahara Desert and the wind was whipping. I remember I was just leaving Times Square and my phone rang, I answered it. I could not comprehend that this was happening. That a four-year old girl and her mother had gone missing. I called my sister but, no answer. I called again. And again. I must have called fifty times each time praying she would pick up the phone. I caught a cab and drove over to her apartment. I saw the squad cars in front. I ran past the barricades and up the stairs. By, the time I reached their apartment I was screaming for the to come out. I ran through every room and opened every cabinet. Nothing. I ran down the stairs to the garage. No car. What should I do? What could I do?

When I walked back in the building I saw John, Seona's ex husband walk in. He was holding sleeping Jack. We sat down in the lobby and the police chief came over. He explained that Seona's car was being GPS tracked and that they had search teams dispatched all over Manhattan for Sela. Her boyfriend had been apprehended and was being interviewed. The chief asked us questions about a possible motive and we told him that there was a custody hearing for Sela on Monday. We answered every question he asked us. After he was done speaking with us I left. That night I scoured every alley way and subway in Manhattan. I could not find Sela or Seona. At 7:12 A.M. the next morning I answered a phone call John. He informed me that Seona had been found. She had been in a car accident in Washington, D.C. and was unconscious. Her car smashed into a pole in a tunnel, she suffered crushed lungs and non life threatening internal injuries. Still, there was no sign of Sela. Two witnesses had come forward. They went to the Manhattan Police headquarters and told a detective what they had witnessed. These two witnesses were mother and daughter. The mother was 38 and her daughter was 15. They told of a white speeding Range Rover pull over at around 9 pm. The mother and daughter witnessed someone dressed in all black get out of the driver's seat and slam the door. The slam of the door is what got them to watch.

The person in black got what was presumably a child out of the back seat. They were 25 feet away waiting for a friend to pick them up sitting on a bench. Just as the car was locked their friend pulled up. They waited around with their friend for a few minutes to see what would happen but, no one came out of the park. They were forced to leave because the bus pulled up and they had late dinner reservations. The daughters last memory while looking out the back window saw the Range Rovers headlights turn on and the car roar off in a quick u-turn. By the time John called me and left this message I had arrived in D.C. to see my sister in the hospital. My other sister Joli was picking me up from the airport and was keeping up with Seona's condition. In the car Joli told me that Seona had regained consciousness for a few minutes but, slipped into a coma due to her injuries. In the time when she was conscious Joli said that no one informed her of Sela. According to Joli, Seona kept asking for Jack but, made no mention of Sela. When we arrived at the hospital Seona was still in a coma and the doctor said her condition had improved to serious. The doctor believed the Seona's mind would

Comments

Try not to use "Said" all the time. It makes it boring. Just a caution.

Careful with your dialogue.

If the woman is so poor why does she have a range rover?? Drake's idea.LOL

She's not poor she used to be wealthy and bought lots of stuff. She got money from the divorce. She IS poor. She WAS wealthy. She spent all her money on alcohol.

seriously though, how am i supposed to know about my child being abandoned when i haven't made contact with her or her mother in so long. why would i care if i gave her to her mother in the first place?

Emma you have made contact you are taking her children from her because you are fighting with her over custody.

Good story, Drake. You're making it easier for me. Now, if only Emma

would tell me what is going on with
her person...

Emma's Story

Opening

5TH street, i pass by every day and see the same things.

Theres the random homeless man limping with his stub, and his
jug of five dollar gin, the women, always holding their little dogs
in their little designer bags, and the hot dog venders, with their
greasy carts. Every day, the same people, the same pot holes,
and the same old crumbling buildings.

Type in this color.

Comments

And... what else?

Hey Emma post some more or add somethi